Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.
Car. Why Maddam, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, (mine
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pretty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty iest.
Dut. I pray thee pretty *Yorke*, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too thou art too shrewd,
Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques *Dorset*,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as griues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madam, and in health:
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray*, are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The Mighty Dukes *Gloceſter* and *Buckingham*.
Car, For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady-
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,
The Tiger now hath seaze the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrany begins to iet.

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse thro
Welcome destruction, death and ma
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangl
How many of you haue mine eyes b
My husband lost his life to get the cr
And often vp and downe my sonnes
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine
And being seated, and domesticke br
Cleane ouerblowne, themselues the c
Make war vpon themselues, blood ag
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And franticke outrage, end thy dam
Or let me die to looke on death no m
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, go.
And thither beare your treasure and y
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your gra
The Scale I keepe, and so betide to me
As well I tender you, and all yours:
Come Ile conduct you to the Sanctua
The Trumpets sound Enter your
Gloceſter, and Buckingham,
Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to Lon
Glo. Welcome sweete Cosen my tho
The weary way hath made you melan
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses one t
Haue made it tedious, wearisome and
I want more Vncles heere to welcome
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted ver
Haue not yet diued into the worlds d
Nor more can you distinguish of a ma
Then of his outward shew, which Go
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the he
Those vncles which you want were da
Your grace attended to their sugred w
But looke not on the poyson of their he

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